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The Woman's Guild.

The annual report of the Woman's Guild of Christ Church is most encouraging. There are about thirty active members. At the election of officers Miss Mary Harrison was retained as President, Mrs. Didlake as Vice President, Mrs. Williamson as Secretary, and Miss Johns as Treasurer. Mrs. Saffarans was elected 2d Vice President. The Treasurer reports \$843 received during the year and a balance in the treasury after liberal disbursements. Two of the latest of these were \$10 to the Bishop's fund and \$10 to the Woman's Auxiliary. The annual membership fee of twenty-five cents was collected for the ensuing year. Mrs. Cronley's "quarter" came in the shape of a full-grown five-dollar bill. The

EASTER BOX

Which was sealed at the beginning of Lent as a receptacle for pennies of self-denial from the members as an extra offering to be applied to the purchase of a stone baptismal font for the Church of the Good Shepherd,

was opened and the sum of twelve dollars represented the savings. Miss Mary Downing's Sunday School class added eight dollars, saved in the same way, to the sum, and thus the Guild has twenty dollars towards the price of the font, which will be twenty-six dollars. This money dropped into the temporary bank at odd times and never missed, is just so much picked up from an unrealized source. Mrs. Cronley, with her customary coming-to-the-rescue promptitude, will donate the necessary lettering on the font, which will be set in place as soon as finished.

THE EMPLOYMENT BUREAU.

Mrs. Ockford, chairman, reports 688 garments made during the year, thirty-seven women employed, five hundred garments sold, and one hundred and fifteen given away. Mrs. Winston, Mrs. McDowell and Mrs. — each gave a whole piece of cloth to be made up. The cutting committee consists of two ladies who volunteer each each week, all taking turns, to spend an hour Thursday morning at this arduous task. The women come in groups and take the work home. Sometimes twenty-five or thirty garments are cut at one sitting.

THE HOME ENDOWMENT FUND.

Mrs. Wm. Warren, chairman, reports \$928.96, all given in ten-cent pieces. Let not the Guild, in the larger interests of the Infirmary, lose sight of the smaller interests of the Church Home. To raise fifteen hundred dollars from so small a beginning seems at first chimerical, but money planted in good soil will grow. The Home is a noble institution, giving aid to many whom misfortune has cramped in worldly resources. The advisability of a permanent endowment fund should not be overlooked. Mrs. Warren has the sum out at interest in two portions and guards her treasure with commendable avidity.

THE DORCAS BAG.

One of the most complete Lenten offerings was the Dorcas Bag, which contains several dozen garments for a new-born babe and its mother, a complete outfit made by the deft fingers of Mrs. Saffarans, Mrs. Harbison, Mrs. Beckley, Mrs. Swift and Miss Gabie Swift. There are little wrappers, flannels, napkins, nightgowns, (for the mother), pins, strings, powder-bag—everything. And to this charming array of useful and pretty things Mrs. Winston added a hot-water rubber bag. The outfit is to be loaned to the mothers among the poor for six weeks, after which period the articles will be returned, neatly laundered, to the Dorcas bag for the next applicant.

THE WOMAN'S FRIENDLY SOCIETY

Has made perhaps the best record of all the various branches of Guild work. There are now enrolled twenty mothers, who assemble every Friday from three to five at the Good Shepherd Mission to learn to sew and to provide themselves with needful clothing. Part of the time is taken up in singing gospel songs. The women are regularly organized. They have been thus associated about two months and have paid in \$10 for garments. Their savings bank, to feed which seems the most delightful thing that they do, shows five dollars hoarded by extra exertion, or some special act of self-denial. Cast-off clothing is made over by their faithful fingers into habitable articles. Mrs. Goodloe, Mrs. Wm. Bruce, Mrs. Ockford, Mrs. Beckley, Mrs. Saffarans and Miss Harrison have been in attendance at the meetings. Another sympathizer in the good work has played the organ and sung songs with them. The Rev. George W. Dunlap made a brief but timely address to them one day, full of encouragement and feeling. The donations to this society have thus far been \$5 from Mrs. Woodward, \$1 from Mrs. Cronley to buy soap, 25 cents from Mr. Dunlap to the little savings bank, piece of cotton from Mrs. France, piece of calico from Mrs. Wm. Bruce, garden seeds from Mrs. A. H. Lyne, seed from Mrs. Muir, large box of clothing from Mrs. Ward, basket of clothing and bundle of papers from Mrs. Potts, and a bundle of papers containing cuts of famous horses, from Mrs. Lewis Cook. The papers were were given to put on the walls of the dwellings. Any kind of cast-off clothing is acceptable. Stockings that are worn may be shaped anew and made over. Donations will be received at the Mission on Friday afternoon of each week. This charity bears more prolific promise of outgrowth than any previous attempt in the direction of helping the the poor. A friend took some literary papers last week and they were seized with as much eagerness as though the society had been a literary assembly.

THE COAL

Supply has given out and no more will be bought till next season. Miss Bean, chairman, reports one thousand bushels applied during the six months just past. One hundred and twenty-one families were made comfortable, some of them more than once. No other church society has such a record. By conferring with committees from other churches it has been learned that their plans and modes of operating in the lines of charity are altogether different.

The Broken Sled.

E. D. P.

"Oh, papa!" cried Douglas, running into his father's study; "Albert has taken all my money! He says it is his!" and the little fellow sobbed aloud in his grief.

"What is it?" Took your money! What did he do that for?" and the father turned quickly from his desk. "Come, come, my boy, don't cry. Tell me about it."

The kind arm was around him and the boy sobbed out his tale of woe.

"Why, I took Albert's sled out coasting—and I broke it—and he—he says I must pay for it—and he took my pretty new silver quarter out of my savings-bank." Then Douglas broke out afresh, rubbing his big black eyes with his soiled fist till his face was smeared with tears and dirt.

"Hush—sh, my boy. Be quiet and talk so that I can get at what you mean," said his father, taking him on his knee.

"That's all papa. I broke his sled on the hill out there. The other sleds ran against me, and now Albert is so angry, that he says I must pay for it—but, oh, papa, I didn't want him to have my new quarter!"

"And so he shall pay for it, papa!" shouted Albert, bursting in with cheeks all rosy from the cold and from anger. He had caught the last words as he slammed the door. "That's no way to treat anybody. I wouldn't be so mean!" and the boy flung his cap on a chair and stood up to the fire.

"Take care, Albert," said his father gravely, "remember where you are. Go hang your cap in the proper place; then come back and I will hear your story."

Albert obeyed, but was so excited that he began his speech almost before he got back.

"Stop, stop," said his father; "not so fast. Begin again and talk quietly."

"Papa, it was my new sled," the boy burst out again; he didn't ask me to lend it to him. He took it while I was at school, and now one of the runners is all broken. And I was going to have such a good time with the boys! I'm going to take it to the shop and he shall pay to have it mended." "Well, did you ask him to pay for it?" "No, papa, he didn't," put in Douglas, who felt that he had a friend.

"Hush—one at a time," said his father.

"No use asking him: I knew he wouldn't do it," said Albert, in sullen tones, and looking down.

"Do you think it fair to take his money out of his box? Would I go to a gentleman's safe and take money that he owed me? I grant that Douglas did not treat you well. But think about it and see if you have behaved honorably. You have broken out into a passion, and worse than all, you